

George W. W. '19

The Farmer



GRADUATION NUMBER

FEBRUARY, NINETEEN EIGHTEEN

NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL

George W. W. '19

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Class Day

February 24, 1918
Segal Hall Auditorium
Joseph Levitch, Chairman

Evening Programme

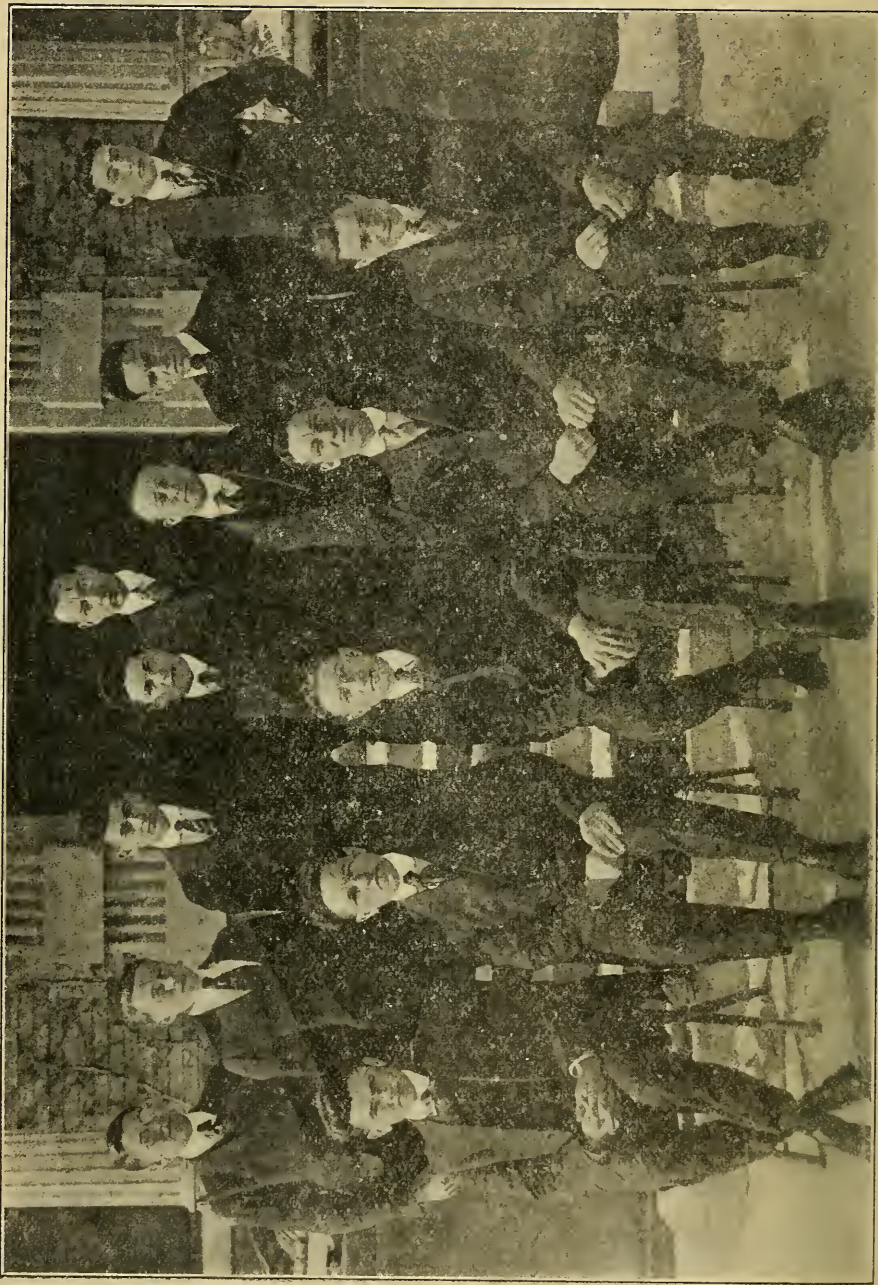
Colors of N. F. S.—Song	School
Salutatory	Joseph Levitch
Class History	David Rovin
Medley (National Songs)	Harry Schuffman
Knocks and Boosts	Harry Fishman
Phophesy	Joseph Kunis
Song	Abe Sherman
Class Will	John B. McCool
Presentation of "The Hoe"	Joseph Levitch
Green and Gold—Song	School
Valedictory	Harry Schuffman
Farewell Song	Class
Valedictory	Play and Dance

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PROGRAM COMMITTEE

Joseph Levitch
Harry Schuffman

George E. Aidman
Isaac Becker



THE GRADUATES

Standing: R. H. Foyes, J. Kunis, I. Becker, M. Halpern, Mr. B. Ostrolenk, H. Schuffman, G. Aidman.
 Seated: D. Rovin, H. Fishman, J. J. Levitch (President), J. B. McCool, M. Mayer.

The Gleaner

VOL. VII.

FEBRUARY, 1918.

NO. 2

Literae

ALL FOR THE SCHOOL

Jack Miller

"Ready, Dolton? are you ready, Chester?" sang out the referee, and on receiving assent he blew his whistle. The game was on between the Dolton and Chester Colleges.

The grandstand was packed, and a crowd, almost entirely encircling the field, watched with keen interest, the developments of the game. For Dolton this game was merely a preparation for the final clash of the season with Wisconsin. Their lineup therefore consisted almost entirely of "scrubs", but in view of the wonderful record which the team had made of not having lost a game during the season, an easy victory was expected.

However, the sturdy little Chester team proved a surprise. At the end of the first half, the score, to the deep chagrin of the Dolton fans, stood Chester 7—Dolton 0.

During the first period and at the beginning of the second the ball was constantly changing hands, each team making ineffectual efforts to advance.

With but five minutes before the end of the second quarter, Chester recovered the ball, when one of Dolton's backs fumbled on their own 50-yard line. Knowing that attempts at rounding the ends would be futile, as they had been stopped time after time by Harrell, Dolton's scrub end, who somehow continuously dodged the interference and tackled them for losses behind the line. On the next few plays they then tried plunges through the line, which netted them but scanty gains. At this point he signalled for a forward pass, which was scooped up by "Oty" Vance, Chester's speedy left half, who raced unhindered down the field and planted the ball squarely between the goal posts. Brand kicked the goal. For fully five minutes the Chester sympathizers shouted themselves hoarse, and no more doubted but that the outcome of the game would prove a victory for Chester over Dolton for the first time in five years.

When the Dolton men came into the club room at the end of the half, they were met by Coach Kennedy, who, in a forceful and inspiring talk, pointed out their weak spots, and commended Farrell, who, he said, was the only man that had really played his game. "If not for him," he roared the score would have been many times 7.

"Yes, I noticed he stopped the forward pass," sneeringly remarked Captain Heath, who was the only regular in the lineup. Time was up.

At the start of the second half Chester kicked off to Dolton, and Connelly received on the 30-yard line, carrying the ball to Chester's 45-yard line. Heath then tried some line plunges, varied with end runs. The third period came with the ball in Dolton's possession on their opponent's 10-yard line. At this point, Heath called for a forward pass. Farrell ran straight ahead and on reaching the goal posts, turned around just in time to see the pigskin sailing straight and swiftly towards him. When the ball reached him, it was slightly over his head. He jumped to reach it, but immediately crumpled up and fell, having violently struck his head against the post. He arose mechanically, but his actions seemed dazed and uncertain. Heath sent him to the side lines and called for Smith, Dolton's regular end, to take his place. On the next play, to Chester's surprise, Smith received a forward behind the goal line. Connelly

kicked the goal, making the score 7—7.

Dolton, still unsatisfied, went into the game with renewed vigor and confidence, and when the final whistle blew, they were victorious, Heath scoring six more points in the last few minutes of the play. The Chester rooters dejectedly walked off the field, their features telling a tale of dashed and fallen hopes.

At the hotel where they stayed, Coaches Kennedy and Wagner, in discussing individual players, agreed that Farrell had outplayed Smith in almost every point, and when the lineup was made for the "big game" Farrell was chosen to start with Smith as a substitute.

When Smith came down in the evening he met a man whom he recognized.

"Hello there, Jackson! Glad to see you."

"Why, hello, Smith. I saw today's game, and also heard Kennedy and Wagner discuss Farrell. They said he outplayed you in every detail, and are going to start him in the next game." Smith stared at him.

"That means that I don't get the letter this year. In my senior year, too, and not to get my "D". What will they all say?"

"Come to my room and we will talk it over," said Jackson. "I might be able to suggest something to you so that you can get the "D", provided you do as I say."

Three days before the game Jackson approached the stenographer of the hotel.

"Good morning, Miss Watson."

"Good morning, Mr. Jackson. Are you out here to see the Dolton-Wissinoming game?"

"Yes, I am here to watch Farrell play, he's a dandy and I would like to see him star in this game. Do you know Mr. Farrell?"

"Why I know Al well. I, too, would like to see him star," she said, blushing.

"That's great!" cried Jackson, "you can do both him and me a favor. I happened to see Wissinoming play a few weeks ago, and noticed their weak points. I have jotted them down in these notes. I will be out of town today, and, if you will give them to him, it may help him."

"All right! I will," she said, taking the envelope.

* * * * *

The next evening Jackson called up Smith, to come over saying that he had a scheme.

When Smith arrived, the first question that Jackson fired at him was, "Are you willing to go to the limit in this? Remember what it means not to get your letter."

"You bet I am," answered Smith.

Jackson then informed him that he had sent Farrell a set of false signals, which he had told him were the signals to be used by Wissinoming.

"If he plays a good game, you report to the captain that you have been informed that he has the Wissinoming signals. Captain Heath will then put him out

of the game for not playing straight football. That means you will be put in and get your "D". You can also accuse him of knowing the signals, even if he doesn't play well. I am willing to be your witness that he has received the signals," Smith agreed. They concluded with a few glasses of champagne.

* * * * *

The time of the game came and the men lined up, tense and eager. The day was clear and cool. The very air seemed to indicate that a great event was to occur.

Hours before, the crowds could be seen streaming through the gates leading to the grandstand, all trying to secure the best seats. There were both Dolton and Wissinoming fans, who called out to each other this and that, concerning some of the players. Suddenly, as the referee stepped on the gridiron, they all became silent.

Upon receiving the captain's signal, he blew the whistle, and the game started.

Dolton kicked off to Wissinoming. Their right half received the ball, but was soon downed. They first tried some end runs, but Farrell unflinchingly dodged the interference and tackled behind the line. After this they attempted line plunges, but Farrell was again there to stop them, and Wissinoming could hardly gain. So, the ball passed from one team to the other, Wissinoming gradually advancing until "Shorty" Lennon, their quarter, sent a drop kick over Dolton's goal. The

first half was soon over, with Wissinoming 3 and Dolton 0.

Again, when the players came in, the coach claimed that Farrell was the only one who had played his game. Here was Smith's chance.

"Why shouldn't he?" he said, "He has their signals."

"What?" they all yelled in a chorus. "He had their signals and did not tell us."

"Is that right, Al?" asked Kennedy.

"Yes, I have the signals, or at least what are supposed to be the signals. Here they are, I have not opened the envelope, as you can see," said Al, taking the note from his locker and giving it to the coach. "If you fellows intend to use them, I will not go into the game." The players unheeding, looked over them, whereupon Farrell announced that he would withdraw from the game. So the second half started with Smith at right end.

The first few plays were broken up, whereupon the Wissinoming quarter called for "punt formation".

The fullback dropped back, caught the ball, threw a forward far and long, right into the hands of Williams, their right end, and a touchdown followed. Their rooters went wild, while the quarter-back kicked the goal.

"Look here, Farrell," said Kennedy. "From the signals you gave us, they were supposed to try a line plunge on that punt formation. You must have given us the wrong signals."

"You saw that the envelope was sealed. If our team would stick to straight and clean foot ball, they would have never made that touchdown."

"Who gave you the signals?" asked the coach.

"Miss Watson. There she is in the front row in the grandstand; ask her about it." They went over to her and she informed them that a certain Mr. Jackson gave the note to her for Al.

"Look here, Gladys, this favor has caused us to lose this game," said Kennedy.

"I am sorry, can't it be fixed yet? I'll never forgive myself—but look, they are holding them back."

They turned towards the field and indeed, Dolton was holding them.

"They must have learned by this time that the signals were false, and are sticking to straight foot ball," said Farrell.

"We can win yet," said Gladys. "Won't you put Al in now?"

"He refused," answered Kennedy.

"I won't, if they play foot ball," said Farrell.

At the end of the third quarter, Al was put in, the ball being in Wissinoming's possession on their own 35-yard line. Not being able to advance it, they were forced to punt, and Heath brought it back to his 40-yard line. A series of end runs and forward passes began, which resulted in giving Connelly a chance to send a drop kick over

the goal posts from their opponent's 25-yard line, making the score 10—3 in Wissinoming's favor.

Meanwhile Kennedy drew Smith into the club room, and there he was told the whole story. When they came out again the ball was in Dolton's possession on Wissinoming's 45-yard line, and five minutes to play. Several plays were tried, but without much gain. "Try that trick play, will you, Heath?" asked Al.

"Oh, alright, it isn't much use though," answered the Captain.

"Signals! regular formation. 96-47-87, 16-28-18, and the left half-back received the ball, ran towards right end, covered by the interference. Farrell received the ball from him and ran around the end and down the field and between the goal posts. He was still hugging the oval while the entire Wissinoming backfield was hammering at the interference.

The crowd went wild over Farrell's first play, but gladdest of all was Gladys Watson. Together with the rest of the rooters for Farrell, she cheered for him almost with tears in her eyes. He had made good.

"One more like it, and the game is won," she thought, but

the blowing of the whistle announced the end of the game. Heath got ready for the try-at-goal.

"Here is where we tie the score," thought Al, as he held the ball and closed his eyes for good luck. "Surely he won't miss——". Bang! He opened his eyes, just in time to see the pigskin strike the cross-bar. They had lost the game 10—9.

When the team came off the field the coach told them what he had learned from Smith.

"Then how is it that Al wasn't fooled as we were?" asked some of them.

"Simply, because he was man enough not to look at them," replied Kennedy.

"Do you mean to say that Smith knew the signals were false, and didn't say anything?" cried Heath.

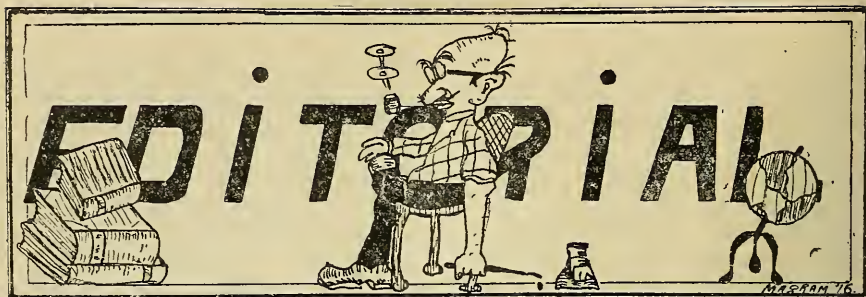
"Exactly," said the coach.

The team hastened towards the club room to look for Smith, but he was nowhere to be found. They stood in silence for a few moments, looking at each other, and then suddenly burst into a cheer for Al.

"Smith has left this locality," announced the coach.

"He'd better, before we fix him," some remarked, and they gave one more yell for Al, and one for Miss Watson.





The Gleaner

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TO THE GRADUATING CLASS

The parting of the ways has come, Loyal Seniors, it has been of great value to our lives to have cultivated your individual acquaintances. Many acts of justice and kindness have been showered forth from your noble personalities, for which we are the debtors. Your good deeds and generous advice shall guide us to our highest goal. The good you have done lives after you; classes to follow will look upon the '18 graduates' regime as a sincere, happy, and progressive period of Farm School history.

Though we part materially, our cherished memories will ever keep us united. United to achieve for ourselves a name worthy of followers of the Green and Gold. United as all our agricultural ambitions have thus far been gathered together in the pursuit of a vocation far superior to most others.

The fruits of your labors lie before you. As you have sown, so shall you reap. The greater your reward, the greater vigor must you put forth to grasp it. Not all of you will be fortunate

enough to secure what have been your aims and ideals for the past three years. But lo, despair not. Strive, strive with sincerity and you will undoubtedly reach your goal.

Take with you, worthy graduates of our Alma Mater, a good portion of all the advantages this school has offered you; take

with you a challenge to the world to overcome all obstacles and an open heart to do justice to yourselves and to the cause you have so nobly undertaken; and last but not least take with you the good will and cheer of the students you leave behind and their sincere wishes for your success.

A Voice from Camp Lee

Max Schloss, '30

There are countless heroes,
who live and die,
Of whom we have never heard;
For the great, big, brawling
world goes by
With hardly a look or word.
And with the bravest and best
of all
Of whom the list can boast,
Is the man who falls in duty's
call,
The man who dies at his post.

Human Traits in Our Bull

Katz was milking a cow when that the bull stopped short with the bull got loose and ran toward in a few yards of the cow and ards him. He did not stir and turned back. When asked for kept on milking. Some fellows, explanation, Katz replied that who ran into the barn to help the bull was scared because that him, saw, to their astonishment cow was his mother-in-law.

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Mr. Ostrolenk.—Before you leave I'll have the janitor inspect your room.

Sherman.—Oh, never mind; I don't think I left anything in it.

Mr. Ostrolenk.—Yes, that's what I'm afraid of.

Salutatory

Joseph Levitch

Members of the Faculty, Fellow-Students and Friends:—In behalf of the graduating class I extend to you a cordial welcome to our Class Day exercises and hope that you will fully enjoy the time that you will spend with us.

Today, you witness the culmination of the career of the Class of 1918 at the National Farm School. Three years have rolled by since first we entered its gates as timid, trembling freshmen, in utter ignorance of the new vista of life that later gradually unfolded itself before our eyes; a life fraught with new meanings and possibilities.

With us, on that day, came twenty others, twenty hopeful hearts, just as enthusiastic, just as eager to learn as we. But inexorable Fate has drawn them to other pursuits and out of the thirty-two youths who came three years ago to this institution in the quest of agricultural knowledge, there are but twelve that leave it tonight, to put their new-found energies and capabilities to the severe test of life.

Here we steadily and earnestly prepared ourselves for the great struggle of existence we are soon to encounter, that when the time should come when we would be called upon to take our part in the world, we would not be found wanting. For Farm School, be it known, is a world in itself, a

miniature world, with its sorrows and its joys, its problems and perplexities, its failures and successes. Here, thanks to the teachings of our Faculty, we have been instilled with the spirit to conquer, and the time that we have spent here means three years of serious, sedulous study, of hard and earnest work, concentrated in us. It is only in the years to come that the fruits of this industry will be apparent and, classmates, it is our duty, nay, our privilege, to be in the vanguard of those who shall proudly carry the banner of our Alma Mater to fame and renown.

I take this opportunity to voice to all those who have had a part in the shaping of our career at this school, the feelings of gratitude present in the heart of every member of the 1918 Class.

To our Director, Mr. Bernard Ostrolenk, who came to us a little over a year ago, bringing with him an intense desire for sincere, mutual-benefitting co-operation and kindling in us anew, thereby, the feelings of loyalty to the school and its traditions, of love for all the associations, since grown so near and dear to us, we can only express our regard in the wish that his good work may never stop and in the hope that the culmination of his efforts will be the attain-

ment of his desire, a bigger, broader, **better** Farm School.

To the rest of the Faculty, all of whom have constantly and ardently striven to perfect us in the science of agriculture, both in the field and the classroom, we wish to leave our hearty appreciation for their labors, severe and trying at all times, in our behalf.

To the Matrons, Miss Abrams and Miss Churchman, for their motherly care and concern, never-ceasing in their solicitude for our welfare, we offer our grateful thanks and assure them of our heart-felt love and esteem.

We ask the Board of Managers, who so unstintingly give of their time and energy to the needs and demands of this school, to accept our sincere appreciation. To the Founder and President of the school since its inception in 1897, Dr. Krauskoff, a paragon of perseverance, an illuminating example of steadfastness of purpose despite tremendous odds, we respect the words with which we hailed the anniversary of his sixtieth birthday on Monday, January 21; "May you continue in full vigor for many, many years to come, and may the National Farm School be a torch to the realization of your ideals."

Lastly, to you, Fellow-school-mates and comrades. We have come to the parting of the ways. The day has come when the bonds of comradeship, welded by our common purpose to uphold the standard of our Alma Mater in studies and in sports, must be broken. The recollections of your association, of the time that we have lived, suffered and rejoiced together shall remain with us as sweet and hallowed memories. List ye well to the tale of our Farm School experiences. Benefit by our mistakes. Let the story of our errors serve to remove from your path some of the obstacles you are bound to encounter in the coming year.

Tonight, members of the 1919 Class, we leave in your trust, the heritage of Farm School's cherished ideals. See to it, see to it that they receive no check, but go ever onward and upward, higher, higher, higher. Give your unqualified support to your various associations. Stand firm and true to the noble traditions of the school and above all, let nothing sully, let nothing mar the honored and respected name of our beloved Alma Mater.



Class History

Davin Rovin

History repeats itself! If that be the case, Dame Fortune has led us thru many varied repetitions, indeed. However, to the noble youths who were to comprise the 1918 Class, Dame Fortune presented these repetitions as new and varied experiences, and, occasionally her daughter, Miss Fortune, took a hand.

Our Class History was auspiciously begun on April 7, 1915, when six callow youths, on hearing the conductor's call of "Farm School", made haste to plant their feet upon this Garden of Eden. Four of them managed to do so with dignity, while Sherman and Kunis, in an impetuous attempt, jumped off on the wrong side; and, with bag and baggage in hand, as per regulation, rolled down the cindered embankment and landed in a heap. The later trains brought additional specimens and on the last freight, sent by special delivery from New York, hidden in a barrel half full of excelsior and labeled "Handle with Care! This side up" was discovered George E. Aidman, philosophically musing over his dire past, blissful present and hopeful future.

It was, indeed, a representative group that lined up for enrollment. Mr. Prouty, a governor from Massachusetts, checked up many peculiar types, among them being free-thinkers, Bolsheviks, Presbyterians, Internationalists, Bible Students and many other species of the Animal Kingdom.

On the second day after our arrival, we felt very ambitious and were filled with an overwhelming desire for work. The upperclassmen, understanding our youthful exuberance as a natural trait in all newly-arrived freshmen, gave us the privilege of performing various tasks. One was sent to the dairy for a bucket of steam, others went scouring the various farms for post holes and squash stretchers, while some were even initiated into the mystery of the Babcock Tester, which, however, bore a strange resemblance to a tree-trunk. One poor soul, after a diligent search, even managed to discover a lost plow in the haymow.

Then came the meeting of the S. S. A. We freshmen received a special invitation to attend. We were led to believe that the affair had been arranged in our honor and at the meeting, the reception was so cordial that we felt the effects of it for weeks afterward. In fact, for several days, Farm School had the appearance of a sanitarium rather than of a school for teaching agriculture.

Having passed the acid test, we were ready to be organized. Thereupon the president of the Senior Class herded us together in the folds of the laboratory one afternoon and the 1918 Class was established. It might be mentioned that we had difficulty in selecting our officers, due to a superabundance of bril-

liant and illustrious candidates. Finally Mr. Helfand was chosen president and under his leadership there was a manifestation of true spirit in all school enterprises.

So things slowly but surely progressed. We participated in all school activities, including farm work, pillow fights, socialistic debates and bomber meetings, which were then running in full swing.

As the months rolled on, we became more intimate and discovered many talented youths in our midst. One in particular, Abe Jacobstein, alias Pickles, a corpulent Kentucky Gentleman, made the startling discovery that "In Onions There is Strength." With this knowledge of its overwhelming powers he proceeded thenceforth to plant the seeds of this rare and odoriferous herb, while lying on his back, much to the amusement of his fellow-classmates and disgust of our Horticultural Professor, Mr. Fancourt.

At this point of our career, our capabilities for organization having developed to an abnormal degree, a few of us formed a Waiters' Brotherhood, the chief purposes of which were to uphold the dignity of the waiters and insure an equitable distribution of food among the waiters and their respective tables. For a time it ran smoothly on this purely socialistic basis, but soon the inherent capitalist

appetite of Sherman overcame his powers of restraint and resulted in the disorganization of the Union. As President Halpern said in his farewell address, 'Brethren, the demand is bigger than the supply and we must once more sink down to the low level of the modern chaos.'

When the baseball season arrived, we suffered a defeat in the annual inter-class game. The following months were spent in preparing for the all important football season. To us belongs the honor of having ushered in the gridiron sport with the largest bonfire and best rally that any class has ever arranged. In the inter-class football game that followed, we again bowed down to defeat at the hands of the Juniors. Though we fought bravely and displayed our pluck, we had to yield to their overwhelming weight and experience.

So ended our Freshman year, when bliss and ignorance reigned supreme. The advent of the Junior year, with its added cares and responsibilities, was marked by a gala banquet at Goss' Hotel, Furlong, Pa.

With Mr. Sabbath as president, the outlook for the coming year was very promising. However, due to a complication of affairs which arose in the institution soon after, many of our classmates, including our president, left our ranks. We soon recovered from the blow and reorganized under the leadership of Mr. Levitch.

In this settled state, the year passed rapidly, the major part of our time being expended in the study of Plant Pathology, Economic Entomology, Agricultural Bacteriology and Economic Fungi, under our worthy Professor, Miss Borden. The breathing spells that she occasionally spared us, we devoted to the various school sports, including shuffle board.

In the inter-class game that occurred at the end of the football season, we made reparation for our defeat of the preceding year, by emerging as easy victors.

The twelve members that still remained of the original thirty-two, now faced a new era under a changed administration. Dr. Washburn having retired after fifteen years of faithful and competent service, the duties of the directorship were placed in the hands of Mr. Ostrolenk, a former graduate of this institution. Under his guidance, our Senior Year was an eventful and interesting one.

Realizing that this year was the last stage of our mental uplift, we set to our tasks and worked laboriously. We assumed the responsibility of all school activities and as leaders did our utmost to promote them to the highest degree.

Our diligence was interrupted only by the appearance of two gatherings, Camp Arden, in our midst, and the other, Camp Unity, in the near vicinity. Being composed almost entirely of the fair sex, they proved a great at-

traction to the Farm School students, and a keen competition arose between them, each camp striving to outdo the other in attaining the highest record of broken hearts. Judging from the heated discussions that obtained among their admirers, it was obvious that the consensus of opinion favored the Yipsils, or Unity girls. However, though outnumbered and outmaneuvered the Camp Arden damsels maintained a strong opposition. May their efforts prove more successful in the coming year.

At the breaking up of the camps, we returned to our former diligence and spent the last few months in acquiring a broad and worldly view of agriculture and life in general, under the fatherly instruction of Professor Bishop.

So ends this brief history of the 1918 Class. So has Dame Fortune guided us through events and occasions of joy and gladness. So has her fickle daughter led us thru experiences so varied and diverse that it may truthfully be said, "Here is an organization that has seen and felt more changes and lived thru more tribulations than any preceding class." May the gracious Goddess of Destiny be as lenient to us in the future years as she has been to us here and may Miss Fortune never so discourage us that we deviate from the straight and narrow path that leads to success and prosperity.

Presentation of Hoe

Joseph Levitch, President

Twenty-one years ago, the people of this country incredulously saw the foundations being laid for a school, such as which few men had ever seen or dreamed of. That it was established to teach agriculture was clear enough, but to the skeptical amazement of the doubters, it purposed to instruct its students in the practical as well as theoretical phase of the profession, and, as a climax, its students were to be composed, almost wholly, of a race which for centuries had been away from the soil. The fundamental truth of Dr. Krauskopf's aims have since been made evident. Today they are acknowledged facts.

This transformation from wavering doubt to firm belief, has been due in no small measure to the diligence of its students during their stay at the school, and after they have left it to utilize their acquired knowledge and power. As a symbol of this quality of industry, the Hoe was chosen by the first graduating class in 1901.

It has been painted Green and Gold—fitting colors. They are truly representative of our life, our profession, and our Alma Mater.

Green — the glory of the Springtime.

Spring — the verdant season that bud and bloom brings forth

With green hath clad the hill
—So the poet sings; and so indeed, doth green symbolize that

glorious season and just as truly doth it recall youth, the spring of our individual lives and of the life of our School.

Gold represents harvest, "the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness." It marks the maturity of our lives, when we shall reap as we have sowed, and of the life of our Alma Mater, the time, fast approaching, when it can look back to a long and honored list of graduates, all striving mightily to uphold and exalt her fair name.

Ladies and gentlemen, for the past nineteen years the passing of this symbolic Hoe from the trust of one class to the keeping of another, has been a mark of the transition of the class from the joyous student days to those of future strife. Each graduating Class has transmitted it to the following Seniors as their recognition of the new leaders in student thought and life.

I, therefore, as President of the Graduating Class of 1918, pass on to you, Mr. Mannes, as President of the coming Seniors of the National Farm School, this "Hoe", as it is passed on to me by the Class of 1917 one year ago.

With the deliverance of this Hoe the regime of the Nineteen Eighteen Class is at an end. We leave in your hands the duty of fostering the Farm School traditions and activities. Accept our hearty congratulations and our earnest hopes that the coming year will be a most successful and promising one for the Classes of '19 and '20.

KNOCKS AND BOOSTS

NAME	AMBITION	DESTINY	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
AIDMAN	To get married.	A soap-box orator.	O you son-uv-a-gun.
BECKER	A milk tester.	A barber pole.	Aw, fellows, cut it out. will you.
BOYES	To be a tough guy.	A parson.	I say's to him, say's I.
FISHMAN	A college professor	Owner of a harem.	The question is which one shall I marry?
HALPERN	To raise beef cows.	A policeman.	An don't you think it ain't, cause it is.
KUNIS	To be among the elite.	A bell boy.	I'll admit I don't know it all, but,—
LEVITCH	A journalist.	A dope fiend.	George, got de makins
MAYER	A rose grower.	A street cleaner.	Aw sher op.
McCOOL	To be an editor.	A newsboy.	Doggone it, I knewed it a.l the time.
ROVIN	A prohibitionist.	A drunkard.	Aw, what the h—l.
SHERMAN	To be a singer.	A button-hole maker.	That's the time I f-f-f-f-fooled you.
SCHUFFMAN	To be a chemist.	A bugler.	Oh, I'm so dizzy.

Prophecy

Joseph Kunis

It was in the year 1937. The Central and Allied powers were still grappling with each other on the battlefields of Europe for world supremacy. What was first a confined European War was now, in truth, a world conflict, the grip of Mars having drawn every nation of the universe to one side or the other. For the last ten years we had been slowly driving the Germans

back, inch by inch, through their own territory, simply by dint of military force and superior man power. The popular conception that Germany would in time have to submit to defeat because of lack of food and internal revolt had long ago been proven a fallacy.

Twelve years ago I enlisted in the 730th regiment, Pennsylvania Infantry. Gradually, by accumulated experience and

— Harry B. Fishman

NICKNAME	FAVORITE SPORT	BEST FRIEND	BELONGS TO
Philosoph.	Preaching Carl Marx.	Bi lie.	Bolsheviki.
Starvation.	Visiting the apple cellar.	Uncle Harmon.	Group—Orthoptera Family Walking Stick.
Skeets.	Kicking.	A monkey wrench.	Big mouth association.
Fish.	Holding hands.	The Swede.	To his wife and children.
Sonny.	Snoring in class.	The manure fork.	Uncle Sam.
Cutey.	Expounding wisdom to the Freshmen.	The bull in Bulletins.	Bull throwers association.
Wise guy.	Writing love letters to every girl but his own	Trouble.	Any girl.
Moritz	Spending money.	A check.	Letty.
Mac.	Trying to write an editorial.	Piggy Bank cook.	To the Chevra Koddisha.
Rummy.	Kidding Schnitz.	A beer bottle.	W. C. T. U. Women's Christian Temperance Union.
Dolly.	Getting something for nothing.	Some real money.	A specimen mount.
Schnitz.	Making a meal of pills and castor oil.	Nora, from the Upper State Road.	A class by himself.

through the numerous casualties that occurred among the officers, I had slowly risen from the ranks to the grade of Captain.

Our regiment had been in the front line trenches for two months, which was already far over the time allotted to first-line soldiers. On this particular night—which shall long remain in my memory—we received orders to attack the opposing Teuton trenches. We rushed furiously onto the Huns, who were completely surprised. After a few

moments of fierce fighting, when victory seemed to be in our grasp, I suddenly heard a sharp report, felt a burning pain in my right arm, and lost consciousness.

When I awoke, I was dazzled by a glistening whiteness, which seemed to surround me on every side. It was only after several minutes, when a nurse appeared at my bedside, that I realized that I was in a hospital. My stay here was comparatively short, as my wound had necessitated an amputation. Being unfit for further service, I was honorably discharged, and under-

took my way back to New York by way of the Army Transatlantic Aeroplane Service.

You can imagine the emotions which surged through me when we flew over the Statue of Liberty and landed at the Battery. As I walked through the streets of New York, curiously observing the changes which had been wrought during my absence, I was suddenly startled by a cry of "Wuxtra! Wuxtra! Dr. Schuffman's discovery will end the war. Wuxtra!" Together with the excited passersby I bought a newspaper for 25 cents, that being the prevailing price of daily Journals at that time, and in glaring headlines I read what was soon to be the universal topic on every one's tongue:

END OF WAR IN SIGHT

23 Year's War Expected to be Ended by Dr. Schuffman's Discovery

From a hasty perusal of the paper I learned that "Uncle Sam's Chemist", as the papers termed him, had invented a machine from which, by simple electrical controls, could be issued "hurled lightning" over the broad expanse of the battlefields and completely obliterate huge armies in a few seconds. When the Manure Reserve Corps had been organized, Schuffman had offered his services as an expert, no doubt because of his broad knowledge of the subject, which he had acquired during his three year's stay at the National Farm School. Because of his huge experience, his offer was immediately accepted, and he was

appointed chief of the department by President Aidman, resulting in his wonderful invention.

By the way, President Aidman had been elected to his office about a year ago on the Socialist platform. As he had also been a member of my class at Farm School, I deeply regretted the incident which occurred several months later. He issued a manifesto, in which he depreciated the present style of women's dress, or undress as he called it, and pleaded for a return to the demure and quaint fashion of dress which existed among the women of 1918. For this an indignant attack was led against him by the women element of Congress, which shortly resulted in his impeachment, as they were decidedly in the majority in both Houses.

Still elated over my discovery of what my old friend Schuffman had done for the world, I wended my way to the Hotel Morebills, where I expected to spend the night. Just at the entrance was a large electrical sign, "Welcome! American Confederation of Patriotic Farmers". In the lobby were several score of men separated into groups, busily engaged in talking about more tractors—more bathtubs — more babies. All were stylishly dressed, and their clothes and general manner proclaimed them as being prosperous. The desk clerk introduced me to the President of the convention, a middle-aged and fair complexioned man, rather tall and stout, whose name

Isaac Becker, sounded strangely familiar to me.

We entered into a conversation, and when he learned that I had just arrived, he enthusiastically cried out, "Did you hear what Dr. Schuffman went and done?" Before I could answer, he continued in a rising voice, "Wal, he and I were classmates together at Farm School, and I always thought Schuff knew a lot about manure and chemistry. He and I studied "the number of microcriths of the given substance is to the number of microcriths of the required substance, so is the actual weight of the given substance to the actual weight of the required substance" in the chemistry class together." Before I could disclose my identity, he entered into an account of his life history, speaking with so much enthusiasm and volubility, that I couldn't help being interested. After he had exhausted himself, I immediately took the opportunity to make myself known to him.

When the usual handshaking and hugging had subsided, I demanded an explanation of how he had changed from a ninety-eight pounder to the two hundred pounder he now appeared to be. He laughingly replied, "Simple. Haven't you ever heard of Doc. Levitch's 'Pink Pills for Pale People'? I came across it a few years ago and it has done wonders for me. By

the way, you remember Levitch, don't you?"

"Levitch, sure I do," I answered. "He was President of the class and worked his way through the school by manufacturing 'Aunt Hetty's Do or Die Pills', at two cents a thousand. Remember we nearly killed him for it, too?"

"You mean, he nearly killed us," Becker replied. "Well, anyhow, he graduated from the Camden Veterinary College the first in his class and obtained a special degree of Q. D. (Quack Doctor). After practicing several years on horses, and having done away with the few that the war had spared, he placed these unusual qualities at the disposal of man. He directed his energies at first to the "heckers" of Bucks county, but couldn't stand the keen competition of old Doc Murphy; so he betook himself to Cincinnati, where his fame not having preceded him, he does a flourishing business as a doctor and undertaker. His patent cures, especially his "Pink Pills for Pale People" and "Lydia Linkham's Liver Lotion" made him infamously rich in a short time."

Our conversation now turned to old times and when he inquired whether I had as yet visited Farm School and commented upon the changes which had oc-

curred, I decided to make a trip there the next day.

In the morning I hastened to catch my train, which though due to arrive at Farm School at 9.20 A. M., was only three-quarters of an hour late—as usual. Unconsciously, I made sure to get off on the right side, and not on the other, where I once slid down the nursery embankment just 23 years ago.

What a striking picture now presented itself to my view. As far as the eye could see, there stretched before me about three thousand acres of verdant soil. scores of beautiful buildings proudly stood, surrounded by acres and acres of golden corn and fields of waving rye. As I was standing there, enjoying the beauty of it all, my thoughts were rudely interrupted by a honk-honk in the distance. As the auto drew near, I noticed that it bore a strange resemblance to some machine I had seen before. Further thought brought to me the memory of a second-hand Buick, in which one of our instructors had proudly sailed along the Farm School roads, way back in 1917. Judging from its appearance it probably had been in storage nearly all this time, due, no doubt, to the dearth of gasoline. It looked exactly as I had last seen it, except for one minor, unimportant detail—the hind wheels had been replaced by two iron ones from the old spray engine.

The car finally stopped, after a few wheezes of its own and some imprecations on the part of its occupant, whom I immediately recognized as Director Ostrolenk, in spite of his aged appearance. As I helped him alight from his antique, the sun made a glaring spot as it shone upon his bald head. He stared sharply at me for a few minutes, and then burst into a "How is my friend Kunis?" We thereupon entered into a conversation, during which I remarked on the ancient pushmobile. "Oh," he smilingly replied, "I've had it in storage ever since it was presented to me, until the discovery of "compressed hot air" as a power for motor vehicles made it possible for me to use it again. I'm holding on to it until there is a rise in the price of junk."

He proceeded to inform me of the wonderful improvements that had been made and proudly boasted of his eight-hundred students, of which fully three were boys, and the rest girls. I soon became acquainted with the fact that he had obtained his Ph. D. on the publication of his two powerful and timely books, entitled "The Use and Abuse of Muskrat Milk" and "Polygamy—The Solution to the Decreasing Birth-rate."

In view of the composition of the student body, I was not at all surprised when he informed me that Harry Fishman, an old classmate of mine, was the gov-

error. The conversation being terminated, I hastened to look for "Fish" and found him seated in the midst of a group of girls. It seemed as though in this respect the 1917 Class Will had actually come to pass: "that because his voice and manners are such as to act like a magnet toward the fair sex, be he permitted to have a bevy of beautiful damsels while at work."

After inviting me to make myself at home in his old manner, he showed me the letter he had recently received from the Casualty Office of the War Department, stating that they were grieved to inform him that Lieut. Richard Boyes of the American Aviation Corps was killed while his machine was leading an attack on Berlin, the last stronghold of the Teutons. The letter contained a splendid account of his record in the air unexcelled by any other aviator, and distinguished by his daring bravery, undaunted spirit and undecover they sent his medals, which had been so nobly conferred upon him and which he so gallantly deserved. There was nothing unusual in this, as, while a student of the school, he had always been "up in the air".

My mail was being forwarded to Farm School, for I had accepted Fishman's invitation to spend a week or two here. On the second day of my stay, I received a request from the University of Chicago to address the students on my experiences in the war. Once more, I sadly parted from dear old N. F. S.

I took an express to Chicago and during the journey, my

thoughts constantly lingered on the wonderful progress the school had made since my student days. At the station preceding Chicago, a man dressed in priestly garb, with the conventional pancake hat and turnabout collar, boarded the train. He was a hurly-burly sort of a fellow, with a triple chin and a grin that apparently never wore off. Sitting down, he let his eyes wander over the various passengers and finally he rested them upon me. After staring intently for a while, he suddenly jumped from his seat, and, bringing both hands to his mouth, yelled "N. F. S. Rah Rah with '18 on the end". It was none other than Morris Halpern. His Fletcherian principles, which he had developed while at the school, had seemingly not left him, for there could be observed in one pocket a huge loaf of bread, and in the other, two cans of sardines.

He apprised me that he was returning to deliver a sermon at his famed Unitarian Church. I accompanied him and was given a seat of honor on the platform. The building was overcrowded, and soap boxes had to serve as extra seats to accommodate some of the surplus people, many being turned away for want of room. Many comments were passing to and fro concerning the wonderful Rev. Halpern, and it was evident that he was extremely popular. In the sermon that he delivered, his amazing loquacity, his affluent eloquence, his forceful style, his elegant diction and his powerful voice excited the intense admiration of the spell-bound listeners. He preached for fully three

hours, without a stop. His topic was "The Uselessness of Sermons in General and Mine in Particular."

That evening he accompanied me to the University Auditorium, and after I had delivered my lecture we arranged for our night's rest at the club house. We had been asleep but a few hours, when I awoke with a start. I felt conscious of a stranger's presence and soon noticed a flashlight being played on all parts of the room. Fearing to wake Halpern, for that might give the alarm to the intruder, I let him snore on. I saw him take a wallet from Halpern's breeches and come over to my clothes. It was fortunate that I had brought along a trench-weapon for demonstration at my lecture. We had used it in hand-to-hand conflicts in the trenches. It was patterned after a rattlesnake — noiseless, powerful, forming a coil that enstrangled its victim and left him powerless to move. When I discharged it, muffled groans and curses issued from the burglar's lips. I could hear him struggling desperately. I turned on the lights, and had it not been for the pitiful look on the burglar's face peering from the mesh and the gravity of the situation, I would have burst into laughter; for there was Halpern, kneeling in bed with lowered head and offering deep and fervent prayers to the Almighty for the deliverance of his soul. However, he soon realized the situation and assisted me in freeing the victim from his entanglements. The burglar was

heavily bearded, his face was drawn and his dark eyes were sunken far into their sockets. Halpern soon became master of the situation. He lay one hand on the shaggy head and lifted the other to heaven and bade our Merciful Father have compassion on this unfortunate being. In the confession that we drew from the man, we learned that he was a fugitive and a deserter from the navy. Employment was unobtainable and he had a wife and child to support. This necessity had driven him to desperation, so he had started in business for himself. In the meantime, I was trying to establish a relationship between a voice that I recognized and a face that was familiar, despite its wretched appearance. Certainly, it was David Rovin, as he revealed it a moment later. When we made ourselves known to him, he burst into tears. "Ah!" he cried, "To think that conditions could drive me to such an attempt upon two of my old, old friends. From tonight, I turn a new leaf."

"And my blessing goes with you," replied Halpern, and thereupon he drew from his hip pocket a vial, from which he sprinkled on Rovin's head a few drops of "Holy Water", which bore a peculiar alcoholic odor. My suspicions were confirmed when he lifted the vial to his lips and took a deep draught, presumably for the purification of his inner soul. We then sent him away with enough money to begin life anew.

I left Halpern when I received an important letter from the War Department at Washington. When my business had been attended to at the department, I took a stroll through the Capitol. In a business section downtown, on one of the corners, I was attracted by a thin-looking and aged man, who was sitting on a box, singing, or rather howling at the top of his voice, and playing an accordion. He wore a pair of dark eyeglasses and from his neck was suspended a sign "Help the Blind". Beside him was a cup to receive the contributions. I approached him and dropped a coin into the cup. Thinking that he was perhaps a victim of the Great War I questioned him about his blindness. This question drew from him a long, sad tale concerning his misfortune. In the midst of his discourse he suddenly jumped up and cried out, "I'll be h-h-hanged if t-t-this ain't Cutey! I c-c-c-could recognize you even if you had b-b-both arms off." I was astonished that this imposter was none other than Dolly Sherman.

He then proceeded to tell me the story of his life. He had four wives, all of whom had left him on account of his singing. "Poor fools," said he. "T-t-they could not appreciate g-g-g-good music." Knowing him of old, my sympathies lay with his runaway wives. "Well," he continued, "as I had no one to support me, I had to resort to this scheme. I haven't had a square meal in a d-d-dog's age." See-

ing that he was about to collapse, I hurriedly packed his paraphernalia and pulled him to the nearest saloon. As we approached the bar, my eye was attracted by a huge sign reading:

**FREE MUSH AND SPUDS
WITH
EVERY DRINK**

Still wondering, I turned to the bartender and asked him what sort of a drink he had. "All kinds, from those as weak as whiskey to those as strong as N. F. S. TEA."

This remark strengthened my suspicion that the bartender was a Farm School man. I asked him his name and was overjoyed to learn that he was John B. McCool. I knew that there was only one original home for that combination of mush and spuds. After discussing some ancient history, we separated.

On returning to New York the next day, I made my way to the Hotel Morebills. As I was passing through the Bowery, I felt a vigorous tug at my arm.

"Mishter! Mishter! I vant to see you for vun minute, vill you?" The man was short and stout, wearing thread-bare, shabby clothes, and the appearance of his face would evidently have benefitted by a greater intimacy with a razor. He half pushed and pulled me into a store, with his arm around my waist. When we entered, he began to dilate on the supremacy of his wearing apparel and assured

me that if I took one look at his clothing, I would be overcome by their extraordinary qualities.

While I was inspecting his line of goods, I heard from the kitchen a feminine voice shout, "Mawritz, the baby's cryin."

"Aw sher op," he yelled back, "Business before pleasure."

Where had I hear those first three words of his? Ah, I remembered, and breathlessly asked him if his name was Morris Mayer. He nodded assent. When I told him who I was, a hubbub followed and though I never suspected him of being a kissing bug before, I was convinced of it now. I remained with him for several hours before I took my departure.

A strong wind had sprung up in the meanwhile. Dark and threatening clouds loomed overhead. The people in the streets increased their pace and hurried along for fear of getting caught in the storm, which menaced us.

Soon the storm broke. There

was a terrific downpour, the wind driving it along like a hurricane. I felt myself getting wet through and through. I shivered and trembled violently. A peal of thunder, which shook the earth, was followed by a blinding flash of lightning. The brilliancy of it dazzled me and—

When I awoke, a number of fellows were dashing water into my face and yelling for more. My spluttering prevented me from telling them to stop, but I raised a remonstrative hand. Unheeding, they dashed another bucket of water into my face, which brought me to my senses. I remembered that I had been grooming Algene's hind legs, and I realized that she had evidently kicked me in the head.

"Are you hurt, Cutey?" cried Becker.

"No," I answered, as I unconsciously rubbed a lump on my head.

Then I vaguely heard Mr. Kraft chirp in, "Wal, I always knew Kunis had a solid head."

FAREWELL SONG

By H. Schuffman and J. Levitch

School of our youth, we bid thee farewell,

Dear Alma Mater, parting's night;
May mem'ries dear, of Farm School cheer

Ne'er be forgotten, fade or die.

Oft we'll recall, when in the thrall
Of life's eternal, ceaseless round,
The days of pleasure, friendship's treasure,

In Farm School's halls, sought and found.

Thus will renew, in our hearts e'er true,

The thoughts of boist'rous Freshman days.

When thru the year, in blissful cheer,
We blithely wended guileless ways.

ways.

Once more reveal, our Junior zeal
Precious wisdom to display;

With love supreme and fond esteem,
We nursed the freshies thru their stay.

As Seniors tried, in loyal pride.

We strove to honor and uphold
Farm School's name, her widespread fame,

And her proud colors—Green and Gold.

School of our youth, we bid thee farewell,

Dear Alma Mater, parting's night;
May mem'ries dear, of Farm School cheer

Ne'er be forgotten, fade or die.

Music from Vale (Eton Song).

Will of Class 1918

John B. McCool, Jr.

Friends, Schoolmates, Faculty,
lend me your ears.

I come not to praise "Eighteen",
but to leave our will.

The evil that men do lives af-
ter them,

The good is oft interred with
their bones—

So we leave you our bones,
that the good may reside with
you. Thus shall ye know that
we, the Graduating Class of the
National Farm School, being
magnanimous in spirit and gen-
erous in disposition, firmly be-
lieving in that most Holy and
Sacred Maxim, "To Him
who hath, shall be given; and to
Him who hath not, shall be tak-
en even that which he hath,"
do hereby solemnly affirm this
to be our last Will and Testa-
ment.

Of the numerous properties,
that we have openly and other-
wise acquired, we do bequeath
and bestow, as follows:

To our beloved Director, Mr.
Ostrolenk, we leave the fulfill-
ment of his ambitious and nev-
er-fading dream; namely, 500
students of the true agricultur-
al type, as exemplified in the
personage of one Leo Bustem
(originally Buskin), this daring
adventuresome band to be im-
ported from such highly cultur-
ed habitats as Camden, Abyssin-
ia, Mexico and the stockyards of
Chicago.

To our venerable Professor,
Mr. Bishop, whose radical opin-
ions have frequently startled the
Farm School world, we beg to
present the mass of Socialist
propaganda literature to be
found in the library of Mr. Har-
mon Kraft, in particular the fol-
lowing passionate volunmes:

"The Socialist Philosophy of
the 'Yaller' Cow." "My Dag,
His Dog, and Capitalism." and
do also bestow upon him a life
sentence as chairman of the
Bolsheviki Party. May he and
Trotzky unite in the common
brotherhood of lofty ideals!

Upon our Dairy and Poultry
Instructor, Mr. Toor, who vain-
ly endeavored to produce a
high butter fat content in eggs,
yet managed to secure a high
percentage of blow-outs in his
Buick, we humbly confer two
minor details by which his car
might possibly benefit, namely,
a new body and a new engine.

Unto Mr. Markovitch, our
masterful Biological Professor,
and profound exponent of the
Bible, whose presence on this
earth has been generally attri-
buted to his devout adherence
to the principles of Fletcherism,
unfortunately for those who
have been converted to the
cause and suffered thereby, we
offer this menu, which we as-
offer him, when partaken of,
will remove all desire for fur-
ther food:—

MENU

(A Bill of Fare—well)

“Vorspice”

Running Orthoptera

Soup

Myxobacteriaceae—

A mixture of Micrococcus,
Streptococcus and Dyplococcus

Bouillon

A sample of Farm School
“Old Reliable”

Punch

Actinomyces (This Punch caus-
icesFrozen Vibrio, served with
windpuffs

To Mr. Young, whose presence in an executive capacity on all momentous occasions, such as hauling manure, and weeding onions, is marked by his pompous and majestic attire, of which the masterpiece is his fashionable Tuxedo, we bequeath a stately Prince Albert, to be edged with brass so that it may more favorably compete with the lengthy record set by its predecessor. This we lavishly bestow upon him for two reasons; firstly, in order that he may retain the dignity of his grandeur on the aforementioned occasions, as we have noticed that his present frock is frayed beyond all hope of repair and fear that it is gradually vanishing into the atmosphere, and secondly, as we propose to pre-

serve the prehistoric significance of his present Tuxedo by making it the first contribution for the establishment of a museum of Art at Lasker Hall.

One guileless freshman, Sydney Brunwasser, who on all opportunities gives vent to his deep emotions by a moist diabolical guffaw, disturbing the equanimity of Miss Abrams and ruffling the calm waters of Mr. Bishop's peace of mind—receiving thereby the piece of his mind—we place under the tutelage of Mr. Jack Miller, our musical artist, so that his unique and indescribable “extravaganza” of a laugh may be cultivated for future service to aid Messiah at the Ressurrection of the Dead.

To the juvenile Sammy Greenberg, who has won the undisputed and enviable title of the champion dog-eater of Farm School, we leave that sleek and saporous canine, Pedro, who, we hope, after he has passed through Miss Churchman's sausage-grinde, will furnish a sumptuous repast, which for once will fill the void in his stomach and the hollow in his legs.

To you erstwhile Juniors, who four score and seventeen weeks ago brought forth in this school a new organization conceived in hope and laboring under the

"idiosyncracies of an hallucination" that farming was a delicate and dainty profession, and have since learned better, through our guidance and a little help from the faculty, we leave this Farm School Gold Mine, a glittering heap situated in the rear of the Main Barn. Guard it carefully, watch tenderly o'er its welfare, for remember that it is the farmer's profit, yea, his truest Liberty Bond.

And you, Freshmen—No longer shall ye be as blots on the beautiful landscape, nor as derelicts on the ocean of life, for today we loosen the fetters which have held ye fast to your restricted world, for today we lift thee on the wings of lofty aspirations and final realizations into the celestial realms of Juniorhood. Now you may transfer your Freshman caps, signs of insignificance, which we on you for the mere pittance of fifty shekels, to your incoming

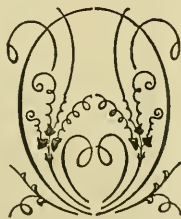
successors; but you shall remember to be lenient with them, for though they shall be a green crop, you have but just matured.

Being conscious of the uncertainty of your lives, since our all-protecting care has been withdrawn from you, and complacently recognizing our mental and moral superiority, we make all effort to see that you, our beneficiaries, duly receive all that we have so profusely showered upon you. In witness whereof, We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen, do, hereby, on this twenty-fourth day of February, 1918, sign our names and affix our seal to this Testament, the final revelation of our goodwill.

Sworn to before:

Izzie A. Nutt,
A-dam Swindler,
Augusta Wind,
Hugo Onn,

Attorneys-at-Law.



Dilectory

Harry Schuffman

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Three short years have rolled their course, since first we entered this institution. Three short years, indeed. But momentous not only in the history of our own lives, but in that of the entire world. Whilst we have here labored in active, constructive work, in the forming and acquiring of agricultural attainments for future service, the European nations, engaged in ruthless warfare have committed themselves to plunder, slaughter and destruction.

But what is more, this awful conflagration, this monstrous cataclysm, has descended upon our own country, upon our own United States, and with consuming hands has drawn us into a World War. Already the entire country has been turned into an armed encampment. Already the blood of our best manhood has been shed upon the battlefields of France. Already there loom in every home and household the spectres that follow in the wake of war—the horrors of want, of cold, of hunger, of starvation.

Starvation! What a word unthinkable — what a condition unbelievable! Starvation in America, the producer of bread among the nations! But such is the case indeed: 'for that is the future of war—not fighting, but famine; not the slaying of men, but the bankruptcy of the

nations, and the breaking up of their whole social organization.'

The stress of the food situation is painfully apparent. The appointment of a Food Controller and food boards, the existence of food campaigns and war gardens are but a few aspects of the problem. These are supplemented with cries of conserve, save, economize, spare. And withal, the prices of food weigh heavily on the people.

What is the solution of the problem? Assuredly the pleas for economy are of little avail, if the substance is lacking. Only in increased production can the situation be mitigated, if not entirely relieved. But herein lie many difficulties. Abnormal prices of feeds and fertilizers, the fixing of food prices, and the increased cost of labor and materials have been extreme discouragement to the farmer. Moreover, the call to arms has drawn skilled men from the farms to the camps and the trenches, resulting in a threatening shortage of farm labor.

To solve just such distressing agricultural problems has been the basic principle upon which the National Farm School was founded. To meet and avert just such a crises as present us had been the vision of its founder, nearly twenty-one years ago. The school, our Alma Mater, now in its approaching manhood of existence, has grown

from a "Back to the Soil" movement in a time of peace to a "Farm is to Arm" program in this period of world war.

It is, therefore, with a feeling of joy and pride that we, the 1918 Class of the National Farm School, are about to realize these anticipations. Pride that we are to enter into the agricultural defense of the nation, joy that we have been led thru the bewildering maze of our ignorance into the realms of practical and scientific agriculture, wherein we observe a promise and scope of work such as we little dreamed of when first we entered here.

But with these feelings of joy, there are commingled those of sorrow and regret. Fellow-schoolmates, we are about to leave you, to enter a bustling, unforgiving, strife-ridden world. It is with heavy hearts, indeed, that we sever the relationships that have bound you to us as comrades in joy and sorrow, victory and defeat! Your good companionship, your associations, your loyalty, shall ever linger with us as pleasant recollections and fond memories. In your hands we leave everything pertaining to the institution that has been near and dear to us. Promote its welfare, cherish its cause, and further its activities—the Gleaner, the Literary Society, the Athletic Association. In your staunch support of them, may your aim be "A Bigger Farm School, a Better Farm School."

To our honored President, Dr. Krauskopf, we leave our humble admiration and praise. To his brilliant conceptions, and untiring efforts, we owe the of this institution. It lies not in our poor power to add to the glowing tribute and wide recognition that has been accorded him in his work. May his reward be in that which has ever been nearest his heart, a school of magnified dimensions.

To our Director, Mr. Ostrolenk, and our former Director, Dr. Washburn, to our Faculty and Matrons, Board of Managers and Friends, we bid a fond farewell. For their untiring efforts in our behalf, for their guidance and their teachings, for their very leniency, we shall cherish their memory with esteem and love that shall never fade.

Then, Fellow Schoolmates, Director and Faculty, Board of Managers and honored President, the Class of 1918 bids you all farewell—an affectionate, grateful farewell.

And you, Fellow-Classmates! Up and out into a world seething with strife! Followers of the Green and Gold, you shall fight fearlessly. Each bump in the road, each setback shall testify to your perseverance by spurring you on—all of you in your several ways, in this most noble profession you have chosen—to earned success and reward, for the honor of yourselves and the glory of your Alma Mater!

Fare thee well!

The Graduates

By Abe Sherman

AIDMAN, GEORGE E., (age 21, New York). An expounder of Karl Marx. Was a member of the A. A. Auditing Committee for three years. In his Junior year was on the class football team, in the third year making the Varsity team. Also class Senator for two years and an active member of the Literary Society.

BECKER, ISAAC, (age 20, Philadelphia, Pa.). Quiet and modest but there with the goods. Short of "pep" but long of limb. Was a member of the class baseball team in his Junior year. Was an active member of the Literary Society and the Science Club.

BOYES, RICHARD H., (age 20, Philadelphia, Pa.). A true and hearty Scotchman with decided views. Was assistant candy manager of A. A., vice president of the class in the Freshman year. Participated in class baseball for two years and football in the Junior year. Took an active part in the Science Club and was a member of the Varsity baseball team in his Senior year.

FISHMAN, HARRY B., (age 20, Philadelphia, Pa.). The class comedian for three full years. Played class and Varsity football for two years, being manager of the former in his Junior year. Played on class baseball team in Junior year.

He was class secretary and treasurer and president of the A. A. Football coach for the Juniors, 1919 Class; author of Knocks and Boosts.

HALPERN, MORRIS, (age 20, Charleston, W. Va.). A true agricultural type. Can eat as well as raise spuds. He was a member of the class football team for two years and played on the Varsity in his last two years. Took a listening part in the Literary Society and was on the A. A. Auditing Committee.

KUNIS, JOSEPH, (age 20, Philadelphia, Pa.). The proof of "good things come in small packages." He participated in class baseball and football in his Junior year. Displayed good judgment in coaching the 1920 Freshman baseball team. He was class and school cheer leader, tennis manager, and secretary of the Literary Society. Was Joke Editor of the Gleaner, and author of the Prophecy.

LEVITCH, JOSEPH, (age 18, Philadelphia, Pa.). A good political and diplomatic leader. Was secretary of the class in his Freshman year and a member of the baseball and football teams for two years, holding the captaincy for both teams in the Junior year. He played one year on the Varsity baseball and two on Varsity football teams and captained the 1917 football team in his Senior year.

In the Junior year was secretary of the A. A., assistant business manager of the Gleaner and business manager in his Senior year. Class president and Senator for two years. Also president of the student body and of A. A. in Senior year. Presenter of the Hoe. Class Salutatorian.

MAYER, MORRIS, (age 21, Easton, Pa.). The class banker and business man. Though small of stature, he was a member of the Freshman and Junior football teams and Varsity football for two years. He was vice president of his class in his Junior year, and general manager of the A. A. in his Senior year.

McCOOL, JOHN B. (age 19, Philadelphia, Pa.). Economy and system his long points. Though he entered our ranks in our Junior year, he later proved a valuable asset to the '18 Class. He was a member of the class baseball and football teams. Manager of the baseball team for the Varsity in his Senior year. Played Varsity football for two years. Editor-in-Chief of the Gleaner, Senator, vice president of the class in the Senior year, and author of the Class Will.

ROVIN, DAVID, (age 20, Philadelphia, Pa.). A diamond in the rough—but pretty rough. Was class secretary and played on the class football team in his Freshman year. In the Junior year he played on class baseball and Varsity football teams. His Senior year was occupied with the managership of the Varsity football team, and Athletic Editorship of the Gleaner. Class Historian.

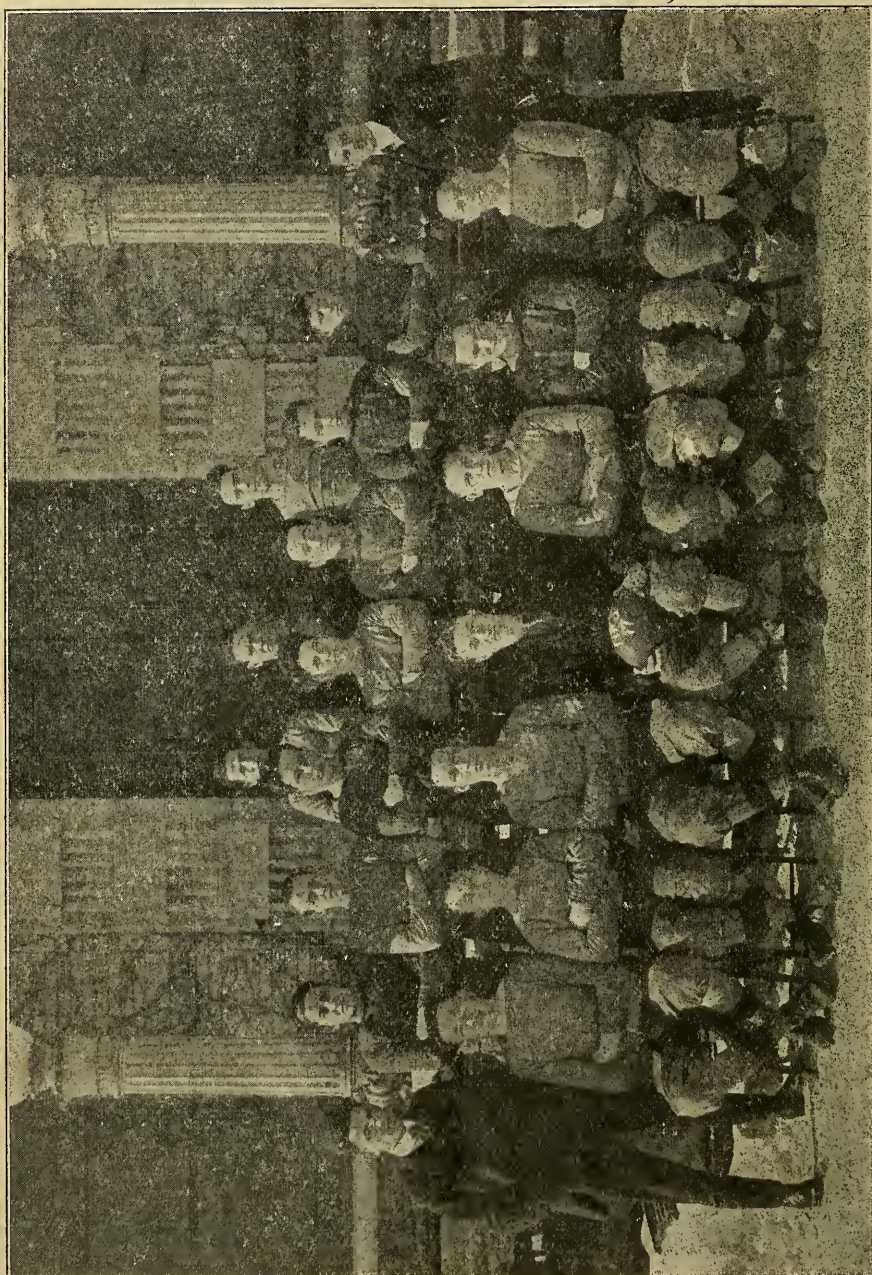
SCHUFFMAN, HARRY, (age 20, Newark, N. J.). Class chemist and an earnest advocate of food reform. Played on the class baseball and football teams in his Freshman and Junior years. Varsity football in his Senior year. He was Exchange Editor of the Gleaner in his Junior year. President of the Literary Society and Class Valedictorian.

SHERMAN, ABE, (age 19, Philadelphia, Pa.). Class opera (uproar) singer. He participated in class football and baseball. Class cheer leader, and Candy Manager of the A. A. in his Junior year. An active member of the Literary Society and charter member of Bible Study Class.

The following speech was made by an Irish barrister on behalf of his client whose cow had been killed by a train:

"If the train had been run as it should have been ran, or if the bell had been rung as it

should have been rang, or if the whistle had been blown as it should have been blew, both of which they did neither, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."



THE NINETEEN-SEVENTEEN TEAM

Top Row:—S. Miller, S. Stone, B. Joffe.
 Middle:—D. Rovin (Mgt.), I. Marcus, K. Mkle, W. Goodman, M. Halpern, P. Horwitz, G. Wolf, S. Brunwasser.
 Sitting:—M. Segal, H. Schuffman, J. B. McCool, J. Levitch (Capt.), G. Aldman, M. Mayer, H. Shmun.



DAVID ROVIN, Editor

FARM SCHOOL, 33.

LAFAYETTE FRESH. 0

The 1917 Football season opened October 13 by defeating the strong Lafayette Fresh eleven by the score of 33 to 0. Captain Levitch and his men romped thru Lafayette's line and rounded its ends for five touchdowns. Captain Levitch, Lieberman and Swartz were the luminaries for our winning team's attack and at no time did

the visitors have a chance to score. The first half, our team opened with a line smashing attack. Our backs hit the Eastonians line for a steady march down the field. In the second half then played a wide open game.

Coach Work used all of his available material and the game gave them an opportunity to work under fire before the game with Pennington one week later.

LAFAYETTE

FARM SCHOOL

Lentz.....	L. E.....	Goldfarb
McCain.....	L. T.....	Fishman
Beers.....	L. G.....	Halpern
Donaldson..	C.....	J. Segal
Rauch.....	R. G.....	Horwitz
Faxon.....	R. T.....	Mayer
Humphrey...	R. E....	Laudman
Howell.....	Q. B....	Levitch
Mallory.....	R. H. B....	Swartz
Hoffman....	L. H. B....	McCooi
Eppley.....	F. B....	Lieberman

Referee — Work. Umpire — Toor. Headlinesman — Rovin. Subs. — Miller, Wolf, Marcus Brunwasser, Stone. Time of periods, 10-12 minutes.

The team traveled to Pennington, N. J., on October 20, to meet the strong Pennington School eleven and met defeat the hands of the Prep school.

This was due to the fact that the team was overconfident because of the previous week's victory and were greatly outweighed by their opponents. Our eleven scored its first and only touchdown shortly after the first period. This was started by straight line plunging of our husky fullback, Lieberman. He was a marvel in carrying the ball and never spared himself when a few yards were needed. Captain Henderson and French excelled for Pennington.

PENNINGTON .. FARM SCHOOL

Merrvin.....	L. E.....	Goldfarb
Fedak.....	L. T.....	Fishman
Caviller.....	L. G.....	Halpern
Ryno.....		Segal
Evans.....	R. G.	Horwitz
Phelps.....	R. T.....	Mayer
Thieson.....	R. E.....	Miller
French.....	Q. B....	(capt) Leitch
Blackwell.....	R. H. B....	Swartz
Green.....	L. H. B....	McCool
Henderson (capt)	F. B..	Lieberman

Referee — Bills. Umpire — Work. Headlinesman — Murphy. Time of periods, 10-12 minutes.

Farm School, 0; Delaware Reserves, 22.

FARM SCHOOL 48

NARBETH H. S. 0

October 27 Farm School routed Narbeth High on the Doylestown grounds. The visiting team proved an easy prey to for our eleven and was torn to pieces from end to end. Our backs met little opposition in going thru the line. The "main liners" were not able to register one first down.

FARM SCHOOL 46

ST. MATHEWS PREP 0

Was a one-sided affair from whistle to whistle. Our backs scored at will and the execution of forward passes by McCool and the line plunging of fullback Lieberman were the features of the game. At no time during the game was Farm School forced to punt.

On November 24 the team traveled to Newark, Delaware. Delaware found Farm School line not an easy proposition, but on end runs gained considerable ground. Our men were outweighed at least thirty pounds to the man. Coach Baumgartner of the Delaware Varsity team, expressed the intense satisfaction he felt over the game which was a battle from start to finish and lauded the pluckiness and fighting spirit of the Farm School lads.

FARM SCHOOL 0 PERKIOMEN 27

Farm School bowed to Perkiomen on November 10 at Pennsburg, Pa. Our eleven put up a hard game against Perkiomen but had to give way to superior weight and team work. Farm School showed flashes of speed that took Perkiomen off

their feet at times, and once in the third period took the ball sixty yards down the field on an interrupted forward. Levitch and Lieberman for Farm School and Carlson and Conti for Perkiomen featured.

PERKIOMEN	FARM SCHOOL
Conti.....	L. E.... Brunwasser
Carlson.....	L. T..... Fishman
Rockman.....	L. G.... Aidman
Gilpin.....	C..... Segal
Wills.....	R. G. Horwitz
Fenstermacher ..	R. T.... Mayer
McKeone.....	R. E..... Stone
Fr tch.....	Q. B. .(capt) Levitch
Irwin.....	L. H.... McCool
Partridge.....	R. H.... Schuffman
Harmer.....	F. B.... Lieberman

Substitutes: Wolf, Groman, Mikle, Dixon, Ganzales, Rapa-lon, Marcus. Referee—Lewis.

Umpire—Witherspoon. Head-linesman — Fluck. Time of periods, 10 minutes.

PERSONAE

NAME	WEIGHT	HEIGHT	AGE	TOWN
Levitch, '18 . . .	145.....	5.9½.....	18.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
Fishman, '18 . . .	155.....	5.7.....	20.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
Schuffman, '18 . . .	125.....	5.3.....	20.....	Detroit, Mich.
McCool, '18 . . .	163.....	5.10½.....	19.....	Germantown, Pa.
Halpern, '18 . . .	150.....	5.6.....	20.....	Charlestown, W. Va.
Aidman, '18 . . .	150.....	5.7.....	21.....	New York City, N. Y.
Mayer, '18 . . .	135.....	5.5.....	21.....	Easton, Pa.
Horwitz, '19 . . .	160.....	5.7.....	19.....	Baltimore, Md.
Miller, '19 . . .	140.....	5.8.....	17.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
Joffe, '19 . . .	150.....	5.7.....	19.....	Worcester, Mass.
Stone, '20 . . .	155.....	5.5.....	17.....	New York City, N. Y.
Brunwasser, '20 . . .	150.....	5.7.....	17.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mikle, '20 . . .	140.....	5.8.....	17.....	Carbondale, Pa.
Segal, '19 . . .	160.....	6.0.....	19.....	Worcester, Mass.
Marcus, '19 . . .	145.....	5.6.....	17.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
Wolf, '19 . . .	150.....	5.7.....	17.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
Groman, '20 . . .	160.....	5.10.....	17.....	Allentown, Pa.
Lieberman, '17 . . .	175.....	6.1.....	20.....	Houston, Texas

THE MEMBERS OF THE 1917 FOOTBALL TEAM

Considering the lack of weight, the number of inexperienced men and obstacles which continually confronted us especially the steady loss of valuable men during the season, the 1917 team, though perhaps not up to the standard of the best previous teams, has had a successful year on the gridiron.

Captain Levitch played quarterback. Although handicapped by lack of weight, we are safe in saying that through his leadership, judgment, capability in advancing the ball, and with his fighting spirit, the eleven was strengthened fifty per cent.

LIEBERMAN, '17. Fullback. A veteran who with his grit, weight and pluckiness had the power of breaking thru our opponent's lines this season, was easily the mainstay of the team. In mid-season he left for a more serious undertaking under "Uncle Sam." His departure was the hardest blow administered our eleven during the season.

FISHMAN, '18. Halfback and tackle. A consistent player—could be compared to the best tackle that Farm School ever produced. In the latter part of the season circumstances compelled us to transfer him to the backfield. In spite of the fact that he was "green" at that position, he played a 'flashy' game.

MAYER, '18. Tackle. Has held a line position for two consecutive years and his work has been faultless. Too much praise cannot be given him for his ability to tackle and break-up plays.

HALPERN, '18. Guard. A consistent player, an excellent tackler and knows how to use his head and hands at the proper moments.

McCOOL, '18. Halfback and Fullback. On account of his weight and speed he was a tower of strength to the backfield. A good punter and a clever executor of forward passes.

SCHUFFMAN, '18. Although the lightest man on the team, he has the punch and nerve, and his skill in handling of forward passes is worthy of mention.

AIDMAN, '18. Guard. His fighting spirit was an inspiration to the team, but lacked the great thing—experience.

SEGAL, '19. Centre. A dependable man and sturdy performer.

HORWITZ, '19. Guard. A spasmodic player, heavy man with spunk, but lacked consistency, nevertheless, we expect a great improvement in him for the coming season.

MILLER, '19. Tackle. Owing to an injury in the early part of the season he was not capable of showing his true worth. Has the proper spirit and is a brilliant performer.

JOFFE, '19. Halfback. Played in but the last two games of the season, has excelled himself in following up the ball and plays a "fast" game.

WOLF, '19. Guard. One of the finds of the season. A real dark horse. Great things can be expected from him for the coming year.

MARCUS, '19. Guard. Played well, but showed lack of experience.

GROMAN, a Freshman linesman, who will establish Dutch history in Farm School.

BRUNWASSER, '20. A rugged and aggressive end. Has two more years ahead of him to develop into one of the mainstays.

I didn't want to get well, I didn't want to get well, for I'm in love with a beautiful nurse.—Oh, its only Jack Miller singing, after telling us about "Himmy", his darling little nurse, every time he reminds himself of her.

STONE and MIKLE. A pair of Freshmen ends, fast, good tacklers, but lacked experience. We expect a great improvement in them in their remaining two years.

—O—

Thens and Nows

Borrowing fire, when kitchen fire went out, then. Matches, now.

Five cent eggs, then. Fifty cent eggs, now.

Eat-it-all-or-go-to-waste, then. Cold storage preservation, now.

Quiltings, the women's neighborhood event, then. Conch, bridge, and 500, now.

More produce than could be consumed, then. More consumed than can be produced, now.

Dry-cured foddors, only, then. Canned by siloing, now.

All hay hand-pitched, then. Horse loaded and horse forked, now.

Rollicking families of children, then. Not always, but too often, a lap-dog, now.

Good story book satisfied, then. Nothing short of movies, now.

Quill and ink well, then. Fountain pen and typewriter, now.

Debt-paying by wheat, rail-splitting, or other labor, then. By bank check, now.

The old oaken bucket, then. Wind mill and gasoline engine, now.

Mitts scarcely afforded in January, then. Gloves in August, now.

Rail fences, only, then. Woven wire, now.

Cows, \$12.00 a head, then. \$100.00 a head, now.

Plow-handle and hoe education, then. Agricultural college education, now.

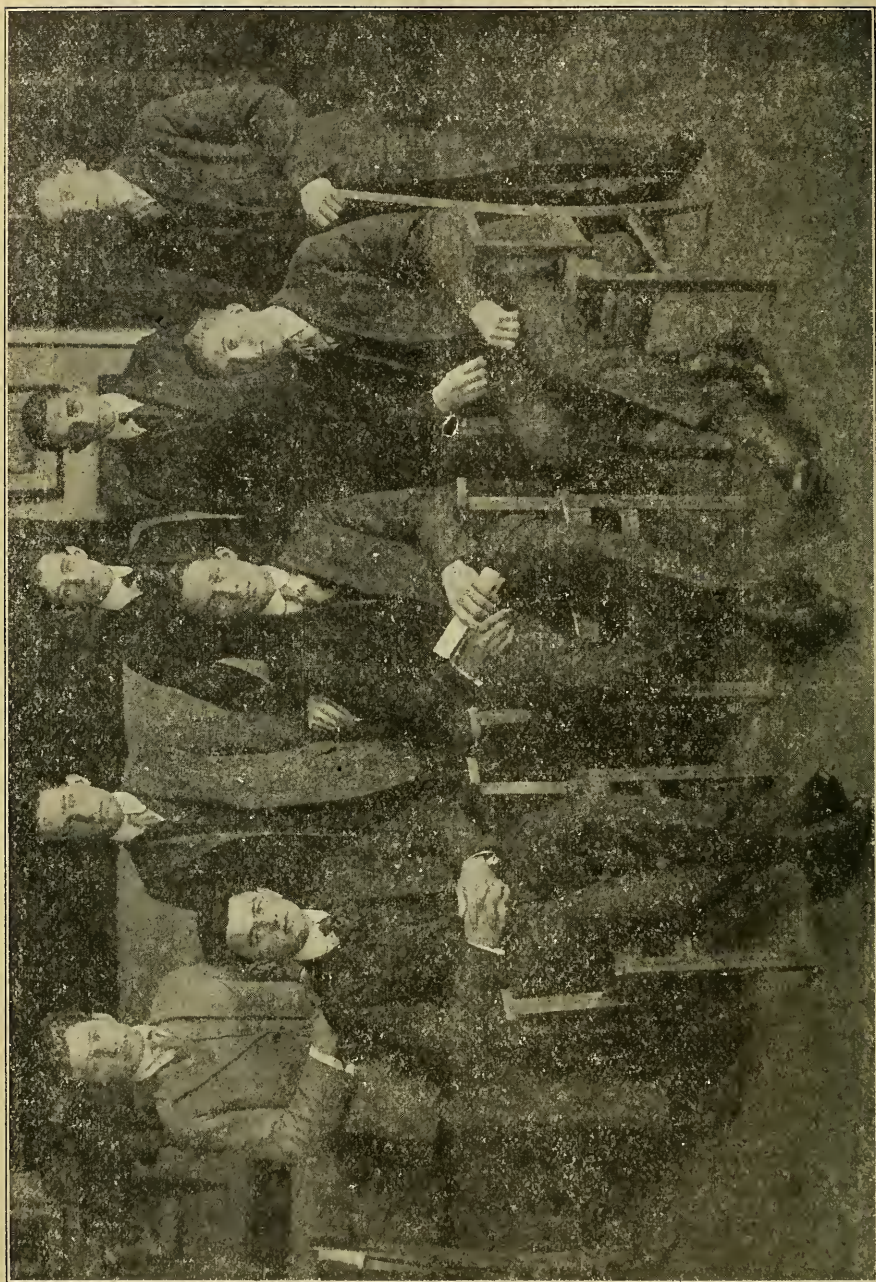
The fiddle and the accordion, then. Victrola, piano-player, and phonograph, now.

Chinch bugs and potato bugs, then. Humbugs, now.

Letter only communication, then. Telephone, telegraph and wireless, the news messengers of today.

New York and Chicago nine days, then. Nineteen hours, now.

Can you at a glance, comprehend the changes? If so, your mind is much more fleet than mine.—From an address by W. L. Ames on "Agriculture Yesterday and Today", delivered at 1917 meeting of Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Association.



THE OUTGOING STAFF

Standing:—M. Rosenberg, J. Mannes, J. Miller, M. Schlossberg, G. Wolf
 Sitting:—D. Rovin, J. B. McCool, (Editor-in-Chief), J. Levitch, (Business Mgr.).

Glass and Clubs

MORDECIA ROSENBERG, Editor

CLASS OF 1919

We take this opportunity to extend to the graduating class our heartiest wishes for success in all their future undertakings.

We are about to become seniors and we intend to keep up all Farm School activities by hard work and plenty of pep.

We have elected officers for our senior year. They are as follows:

J. Mannes, President.

A. Wolf, Vice President.

M. Schlosberg, Secretary.

I. Marcus, Treasurer.

J. H.

CLASS OF 1920

We extend to the graduating class our best wishes for success in their coming career, and we assure them that we have enjoyed their presence with pleasure and profit.

Four members of our class made the varsity foot ball team and did their part in producing a successful season. We have determined to make even a better showing in our Junior year.

We have elected officers for the coming year, who are as follows:

S. Franzel, President.

W. Groman, Vice President.

W. Schneider, Secretary.

J. Preis, Treasurer.

We are preparing to celebrate the successful close of our freshman year with a banquet. This we are sure will give a good impetus for an industrious and profitable year. I. N.

LITERARY SOCIETY

The reorganization of the Literary Society was held in Segal Hall on January 26, 1918.

The following men were selected as officers:

J. Mannes, President.

M. Schlosberg, Vice President.

I. Marcus, Secretary and Treasurer.

The purpose of this society is to encourage the art of public speaking.

Our daily conversations, business dealings, progressiveness along any lines that bring forth our mental talent, require forceful, expressive, convincing statements. Where is the best place to obtain this if not at the Literary Society?

This organization is well-attended, and we intend to make things hum this year. I. M., '19.

HORTICULTURAL

DEPARTMENT

The cold weather which has been recorded as the lowest in many years, has greatly affected the greenhouse industry in Farm School, the outside temperatures dropping so low that it was practically impossible to maintain the proper temperatures in the houses.

Still another factor that confronts us is the coal shortage, due to which we closed the lower house. However, we secured enough carnation cuttings, which we expect will root successfully, to start our carnation crop next year.

Alumni Notes

JAY MANNES, Editor.

In a recent letter received from Charles Nussbaum, '15, who is specializing in Agricultural Chemistry at the Ohio State University, we received some valuable information concerning the formation of an N. F. S. Club at the University. The officers of this organization are: Elmer Klein, '15, president; Henry Ross, '15, vice-president, and Charles Nussbaum, '15, secretary and treasurer. The other members are Benjamin Druckerman, '12, Alex Burchik, ex-'16 Nathan Golub, '17, Max Kasselman, '17, and Berman, ex-'17.

The object of the N. F. S. Club is to encourage all Farm School students who contemplate a college career. It aims to facilitate their entrance into all agricultural colleges, the Ohio State University in particular; to unite them at this University by

means of a club so as to continue the old associations and to keep them in constant touch with the current happenings at their old Alma Mater; and also, to render mutual assistance to each other in their studies and to aid in procuring work for such members as desire it.

In conformity with this, a committee has been chosen to furnish information concerning the University at the request of any Farm School student. Furthermore, the club has offered to contribute to the Gleaner such articles as will prove of interest to the students here.

We greatly appreciate the action on the part of some of our graduates and assure them that we shall welcome and look forward with pleasure to any contributions that they may have the opportunity to send us.

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